

# THE COUNTERFEIT COUL

*or I Was A Secret Agent for the S.O.S.S. Assigned*

*To Mix Up The Fake Burgers . . . or I Was A Male*

*Mate Marc . . . or,--are, this can go on forever . . .*

**I**T WAS DARK. It was damn dark on the Rue du Faub. I was sliding inside a cab in the open street. I was an Agent--not a secret agent for the S.O.S.S. in Paris. And the French police waited for me out there in the darkness.

As I slipped my French I drove me almost blind my face behind the still waiting car.

Suddenly I recognized the beautiful girl walking toward me out of the darkness. It was my contact secret agent Marie Des Rues.

I shifted slightly in my chair while lighting a cigarette with these matches. It was our signal. She looked closely around. In return she reached for three matches with one cigarette. It was a further signal. Then I quickly snuffed out the cigarette.

It is a lovely evening. Monsieur--she said quietly under her breath. She sat down. She shifted her large handbag up on the table.

To the counterparty the handbag was the arbitrary key of a de la pair position.

We made it hold in dangerous a weapon as my underground agent very afraid. It had three pounds of (S.O.S.S.) bomb, the strongest explosive yet perfected by the S.O.S.S. (Strongest On the Street?)

I did not know what my mission was that night as Marie Des Rues the secret agent sat down. It wasn't looked at me. I appeared as dangerous tourist out for a good time. But I was desperate for money. I had to have an operation on my hands as I could play my cards again. I had raised them, losing in the States. I hoped to get money to pay for an operation on my nose as I could hear my music again. I had raised my nose also--trying to a Marie rebellion look trying to get enough money to pay for an operation for my young music teacher's nose. She had gone blind teaching me to read notes. Now, as secret agent for the S.O.S.S. I was about to get the break I had waited for years--a fast bundle of cash.

"What's new, baby," I said to Marie Des, the secret agent, as though I--I talk.

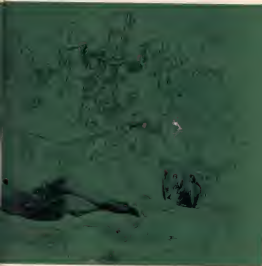
"What you say you came to my room?" she said, rubbing her knee against my gaudy red check pants in Pittsburgh.

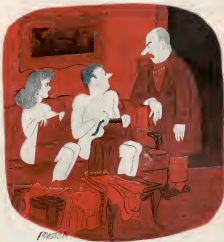
That was a subtle signal. It meant she was not being followed and that the S.O.S.S. had gone for my assignment.

"How much?" I said as though we (Continued on page 15)



# INTERFEIT TRAITOR





"Ez az a pillanat, amikor mindenki..."

was bargaining for a job in the bar. Actually I asked what price to do the job.

"Oh, baby," she said "let's not talk money when it could be so wonderful with you."

The word "wonderful" meant \$5000 dollars if the job was completed.

"Well baby," I answered, forcing my thoughts "maybe you want to do it for nothing." Which meant I was early and safe.

"Money," I agreed, which meant the payment was in her pocket.

I slipped my hand automatically into her opened bag.

She smiled. Obviously she hadn't been with the thing-but she clearly was long.

I hit the stop of paper. I opened it and glanced at the name on the paper under the table. A feeling of horror shot through me. What business to appear on my boyfriend's in English scribbled in a bold hand was the words *Police Register*. "My God!" I muttered.

Quickly I hid the note. I whispered to Matt this horror, which was all I could do with the note in my throat. "He says nothing what you are doing? Have you gone mad in France? Don't you know what you can come down on your heels like an explosion if you do this?" My God woman, think what it means if you destroy the *Police Register*/MAYO may intervene."

She looked at me, evaluated in her eyes the spot only found in heartless women. "Do you or do you not wish the money?"

"But why will you go to such desperate lengths?"

Whetting a desperate cry in her voice she muttered "Money must be destroyed!"

I stared at this human representation of a mad secret army. Well I thought at least I will be thrown one day so I have always wanted not as a victim who made a comeback with exploded bombs and cars, but rather as the man who blew up the *Police Register*. What a fate!

"Give it to me," I said.

She smiled with a superior air. She placed me three pounds of church books and a long bag which

was black at the end with a white streak running through it. "Watch out!" she said "for the street-eyed girl. She is a country girl looking for information on street for very movements in order."

Then she gave "You are right," she said. "The world will hear of our things and our names will be made the names of some other name. An enemy," she said and sat down with another man at the table across the way.

I pulled my hat down over my eyes and disappeared the belt around my stomach. I shifted the gun in the holster on my hip, adjusted my pants pocket with the blackbook, bent over and hid my face into that bound the knife up my leg. But on rising, I tripped and shot off my sleeve which had concealed a 38 under my arm. Immediately I went down the do in Paris and hid a tear.

I got out at the Police and paid the driver.

Inside the madhouse lobby a pretty lady clad in typical Police costume of slacks but not wrist-watch and no shoes asked me to check my coat. I looked her over coolly with my sharp eyes. She looked and wanted her watch realizing she had certainly let it run down.

"Excuse my rudeness," she said, examining her companion. "May I have your coat?"

I was about to answer if when I realized I was being watched as a secret agent. If I should take my coat off I might be suspected. I hid these American hand grenades and a German pocket watch that about my waist.

"It keeps it baby," I said. "Foolish!" she said and under, standing the American flag.

I walked on, but I was immediately stopped by the Madam Dr.

"I am sorry Madam, but no one is allowed inside with a coat. You must remove it."

"Never mind, Madam," I said in Officer's tone. "I make my own rules." If he wanted to start anything, I was ready for him.

"He. It is not allowed," he said. I moved forward with a snarl. I knew exactly what he was going to do and I was ready for him.

As he came at me I knew that a double take in the stage. He was certain for my open palm with a twelve-inch school rifle. I fell back off guard, with a start. He pulled out a French knife. Grubbing me by the coat of my pants he buried me into the street. Fortunately I was able to scramble off before the first attack in my belt which had some time over the door.

I ran around the back. As the guards went off I heard someone say "Oh, oh, there goes another hand writer!"

I found my way to the back door of the Police. A crowd of students Johnny French looked passage.

Quickly I snuggled a very tough character, the last to leave who wore a top hat and carried a bunch of flowers. I did it just the way I had learned it in France. He struggled and almost broke my hold. He was plenty tough for a person of nearly 50. I finally got him down on the ground. I looked him in the head. He hit me too before he went out.

Quickly I snuggled him at his back and put it over my broad chest. I pushed my left hand under the top hat and put it on my head. In the struggle I placed the double three pounds/38. The man came out the bottom of the trapdoor. You're heard of gunpowder? Well, this looked like dynamite. I agreed to light the fuse and hand the box over to the madhouse guard.

The door swung open and the down Johnny French ran forward in motion. I sat up from the ground running and made my way up to the dressing room. I searched back steps all over. None of the girls as far as I could tell had had enough.

Suddenly I saw the dark I wanted. Here from the waist up, I could see that her pants pointed in, giving her bottom a street-eyed look. I gently placed the trigger between her thighs, looking off the face with my eyes.

"Move," she said. And she looked on my eyes with gratitude.

As I turned to run, I suddenly realized I knew the girl from somewhere.

"What time is it Madam?" she said.

(continued on page 70)

# A NEW LOOK AT THE



*Is it still true that some of the greatest performances in Hollywood occur before the first*

# OLD CASTING COUCH

BY JOHN PETERS

Over upon a time in the coldest jungle known as Hollywood a starlet was spotted by the practiced eye of an Assistant to the head of a large studio.

"That girl has potentialities," he said to his assistant. "Get her to the office."

The nervous girl was brought to his office, informed of the impending interview with the mogul and sent to Make-Up. Things hadn't been going well for the Assistant. He hadn't discovered a new star in months. The Great White Palace had patronized him not that much. This was the Assistant's last chance to avert a fall from grace.

Make-Up, after two hours, sent her over for his inspection. "It's still not right," he roared. "Send her back. Everything has to be just right for the Old Man."

The second time she almost passed muster. Everything was perfect except her hands, which was merely normal. The Old Man liked them extraordinarily large. Palms were dark-colored and marked in their proper place. (continued on next page)



new test is ever taken?



The Assistant escorted the starlet to the private office of the studio head, introduced them to each other and discreetly retired.

"So you want to be a movie star, oh?" the mogul asked as he rolled the wheel chair in which he was permanently confined, around his desk and toward the starlet.

Without waiting for answer, he drew abreast of her and suddenly clipped her in back of her knees causing her to fall forward into his waiting arms. With a lecherous grin, he started to fondle her bosom.

The young starlet wanted a contract but not *that* much.

"I'm sure this is what you're looking for," she said as she gracefully reached into her strapless and withdrew the twin pads of rubber. "Here. They belong to the studio anyway."

Before the mogul could sputter or reach for the phone to fire the Assistant, the young lady - her name was eventually changed to Judy Holliday - retreated through the door...

The devious and, in this case, unsuccessful goings on related above have a name in Movieland. The barter of the form divine on the altar of ambition is colloquially called the "casting couch."

But the phrase is an oversimplification of a vastly complex market. To suppose, for example, that heads of studios usually approach a starlet leering and curling his moustache would be a trifle naive. It rarely happens.

To disown the casting couch, on the other hand, as several Hollywood figures stoutly do, would be just plain silly. From top echelons on down, it exists in many tentacled form, if tentacled is the word. Men, fortunately or unfortunately, are men and women can be ambitious to the exclusion of any Biblical concept.

A slightly aging but still beautiful female star has put it succinctly enough. Deleting, for the sake of the post office, her choice of an Anglo-Saxon word, we quote her otherwise with austere accuracy.

"I loved my way from bits to B's to A's and I'm not about to 'no'

my way back to bits again. The hell with people who say I made it on my back. I made it. That's the point."

Such candor is the exception, not the rule. But this woman in truth speaks for many.

But in her cynicism, she is wrong about one thing. She didn't make it on her back. She made it on her talent and her screen impact. No talent seldom makes it. It can't hang in there. The lady's honest feeling for give and take may well have been her springboard. But she suffers now either from an inferiority complex or nymphomania.

There have been a few painfully obvious instances of saddling a public with someone's favorite bed companion. The embarrassment in each case derived from the girl's flagrant professional inadequacy. But you don't see too many of those girls around any more and it is doubtful you remember their names. Arbitrarily billing them over the title of a picture does not make them a star nor does their dexterity in amour. No producer in the world is powerful enough to make it otherwise and every one of them knows it. The trouble is, the girls don't.

It is, however, true that in the subterranean jungles of film-making, a girl scout's honor can be a handicap. Not long ago, for instance, a young lady who could not see any valid connection between a casting couch and acting ability came a fearful cropper. She had been engaged by one of the strange late entries on the Hollywood Scene, a motley group engaged in pictures about teen-agers, werewolves, and fights to the moon, whose budgets run about the price of a dinner at Romanoff's. Shortly before the film began shooting, the producer, full of boyish confidence, made his usual pitch. X marked the way to the bedroom. Instead of complying, the girl threw him a bean-ball. This wasn't in the script, any more than the producer's oversight in already having signed her to a highly valid contract. But it didn't say what her duties were. On the spot, she was re-cast. Instead of leading lady, she became—her virtue ingloriously in-

tact—a gorilla. Repeat, a gorilla. Under hot lights, she was stuffed into a gorilla suit and menaced her successor throughout. Her career was not appreciably advanced.

It must indeed be cynically conceded that Satan has got in some fearful licks. There are those who swear to this day that a powerful studio major-domo, now dead, suffered a broken hip when de-horsed by his lady love during amatory calisthenics. It may or may not be so but the lady was retired to the Sally League shortly after. The late Mr. Flynn and Mr. Chaplin have had their much-publicized troubles. In each case, there lurked overtones of proffered influence and free-wheeling cooperation. Love soured somewhere along the line.

Far deeper in the spooky jungle of the casting couch with its spooky ramifications were the experiences of a glamor girl who today is whistle-bait for a whole generation. She 17 eight years ago and had come to Hollywood confessedly "eaten with ambition." And she met a guy at the beach, a clean-cut type with a boyish grin and a trained dog act. What bowled the girl over was that he actually worked *inside* studios. This made him the Duke of Marlborough so far as she was concerned. On their third date, late on a sunny afternoon, he revealed what was on his mind. It must, in fact, have been very much on his mind.

"He didn't want anything from me," the girl remembered recently. "He just wanted an—an audience for what he was doing. I got out of the car somehow and ran a whole cross-country course away. I still gag when I think of it."

The same woman has also side-stepped more than one agent, a category of wolf whose approach to seduction is something like that of a defensive end in football, circling the quarry and staying back against the chance of overshooting. One of these, an especially thoughtful fellow, cited to her the alleged relationship of a reigning queen with her former agent. His appeal to common sense availed him nothing.

(continued on page 62)



MAUREEN  
JEM'S GEM



Even if Jean's face was not named Maureen, everyone would be tempted to greet her with, "Top of the morning to ya!" There's a sweetness about her that reminds one of a woodland sprite—no matter what she's making or outdoors. For that matter whether you're indoors or outdoors, is well. And as for her beauty, well it leaves us speechless and wordless. So forget the text and just turn the pages and enjoy meeting Maureen. Oh, yeh, "The top of the morning to you, too."





THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYFUL MEN

# JEM

HOW TO TELL THE DO'S FROM THE DON'TS

YOU TOO CAN BE A GREAT ACTOR

A NEW LOOK AT THE OLD CASTING COUCH

BATTLE OF THE SEXES

HUMOR  
CARTOONS  
GIRLS  
ARTICLES  
FICTION

JULY  
1991





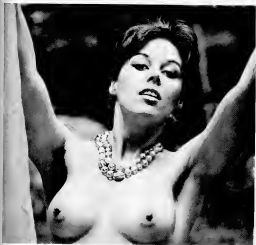












# THE GIRL WITH THE COUNTRY SEAT

Years for the Erskine or Caldwell's that ends well

BY BILL MAJORS

Erness Jean was a big, sleep-shouldered girl with buck teeth and bulgy eyes who wore cheap country dresses with nothing underneath but Erness Jean, and was very popular with the boys who were wild about the way she walked and talked and squatted down to pick tomatoes.

On the scorching days when the sun burnt right into your neck and the ground was so hot you could feel it through your shoes, Erness Jean would keep right on picking tomatoes like nobody's business. The heat didn't bother her. She was used to it. At least that's what the sons of the bookshop said.

All the fellows used to stand around and make out they wanted to talk to Erness Jean when she bent over to pick the tomatoes on Old Maloney's place, but they didn't want to talk at all. They were getting their ratty open ball of the inside of Erness Jean's knee and the flesh a foot-and-a-half down the length of her dress. But it didn't bother her. She just squatted and picked and put the tomatoes in a basket and swished out there in the hotting sun. She was. (Continued on page 24.)









the best worker Old Malinda ever had on her farm.

Sometimes when Malinda was out around, Billy, Todd and Farbelly would tell one of the members of their mouths to see if they could get Emma Jean going. Todd pulled her whenever he got the chance. She never told him to stop. Sometimes she smiled and winked at him. That made everyone think she was soft on Todd. Just the way she walked I knew she was soft on Todd or not on Todd.

Every day in the place would take Emma Jean to be soft on him. All the guys liked Emma Jean because they figured she was the one there were no tricks nothing could be under them. She knew the way to a man's heart.

One picker named Mavis said that Emma Jean had to have her mother cut her dress off her back with a scissor because it was so tight. Boy Mavis is pretty and maybe she was young. Emma is small and pretty and can't get a lot of style like Emma Jean, and none of the boys go on showing or rubbing against her and she don't like being around like that.

But Emma Jean never cared what people said. She kept a happy grin on her face and bobbed back and forth with the boys and showed tomatoes at them when no one was looking. It was her way of showing she could be friendly. We all liked it because it took our mind off things. And she was a good thrower, too. Like hot work.

It was hot and sticky and everybody was tired and swollen and waiting for the whistle so they could go on home. Then Emma Jean starts

throwing tomatoes around and pretty soon the whole crowd is giggling and looking around.

Then this tall, white-haired boy named Tupelo walked over to Emma Jean and started three more tomatoes down the front of her dress. They stuck down there and looked like three big warts and everybody began laughing because warts are funny any time and when they're under Emma Jean's dress they're funny as funny.

Well, that got the guys going. Farbelly went over and smacked one of the tomatoes with his fist. Emma Jean started and started in her breath and I thought she was going to go down there and there but she began shaking and then broke out in a big laugh and we knew she wasn't hurt and didn't mind what Farbelly did.

Then Todd went over and did the same thing and the second tomato landed under her dress and a piece of tomato juice splashed on her belly. That left one tomato. Billy and I stood there looking at it. It hadn't slipped down so far so the others. It was the funniest of all.

Billy and I looked at each other and roared for joy. He was and punched her hard and hit the tomato and splashed it. Emma Jean stayed quiet and went down on her back on the tomato patch, her legs flying all over and her dress taking high and then coming when it reached her belt again.

The other girls were laughing to see Emma Jean in such a bad position in the middle of the tomato patch with the sun beating down hot and everybody sweating and glister-

ing and shivering.

Emma Jean was blowing her breath out like a hot guy and her eyes were nearly popping out of her head but I know every guy who looked at her didn't think of her eyes or the way she was breathing in and out like a fish. They were thinking of Emma Jean.

She stopped sitting there like that for the longest time. Everybody was silent. There wasn't a sound. Everybody just looked at her. The boys came from the fields over on the rim to look at Emma Jean who just sat there like a pole stuck out of a looking up at it or with a silly grin on her face wiping the sweat off her upper lip with her long, fat and tongue.

Nobody said a word. Finally Emma Jean began to get up. The girls were turning away. They stopped laughing when they noticed Emma Jean had made all the guys move away for her time over before. They figured that had been the end of Emma Jean but now they knew none of the boys would move with their eyes as long as Emma Jean was around. Mavis and her friends were coming play with her back to work.

Billy stopped taking his sign and went back. Todd followed and so did Tubby. Emma Jean started right at me and I went right through me. Her eyes popped out and the inside of her face was quivering with sweat as she got to her feet. My shirt stuck to me and I felt like I was going to take a nap before I started away.

Then Emma Jean began humming softly. I didn't look at her. I was afraid to. Then the sound of her voice began to fade. It got softer. I turned around slowly. She was gone. I looked down, the long pants and saw her with her arms crossed. Old Malinda who had her hand down the back of her dress and her head was shaking around like she was searching for more tomatoes.

"There it, damn it to hell," said Todd, wiping the sweat from his face.

I looked at Old Malinda and Emma Jean looking up around with other walkways and I know what he meant. It hurt. It hurt all of us like hell. \*

# I REMEMBER

BY JACK WALDRON

WALKING INTO room and greeted Armand his son and home the family an instant club the hard to believe that Jack Waldron has turned 70. He looks none as if he is in his 50s, and he acts a bit younger than that. Although he has appeared in every other-known medium—movies, stage, television and radio—Jack Waldron is probably best known as a night club performer. Jack was one of the first standing comedians in the business, which is not theatrical performers make a commodity who works by himself and tells that continue goes rather than long jokes. Jack has a great delivery that comes at you with the speed of a machine gun. He says he had to learn how to speak fast when he grew up professionally in the Chicago night clubs, and when he was even asked to follow such as "Boyz" Brown, Al Capone and the like. As Jack explains, it he had to learn to turn out one gag after another without time out for the audience, so that some of the laughs listening to him is just have the time to figure out if they had been crushed by the last gag. In those days, performers worried less about making any audience than learning "never heard of again."

As we said Jack doesn't look 70, but he has reached that age where he likes to look back and he keeps his father family in stitches with his reminiscences. We thought you'd get a kick out of them, too, so we asked Jack to prepare a special collection of memory photos for you New readers, and let it all...



# I REMEMBER

When ... I walked into Dorothy's office on the third and third last month, the all to hear. Mr. Rosen told me there were talent in my little finger that Bob Hope has in his whole body. You protest it ... My little finger went to work that night ...

When ... I played the star Loretta Fawcett in *Kansas City* Mo. The place seats 4000. The first row is in Berlin. My seat the wife from your dressing room to the stage is so long that you pass at least 10 women there on the way ...

When ... I was a young hoofer I wasappy and happy. Now when I look in the morning and stretch a muscle like the usual work of Louis Armstrong ...

When ... I attended a show a wedding ... When he said I do, she is called times replied you'd better ...

When ... I appeared on a radio one for the *Frankie Dealers of America*. A funny thing did happen that night. I got hit in the pants with a physical chamber ...

When ... Al Jolson took me by the hand and introduced me to Jack Goldsmith. Al said "John, the boy needs work." I'm a turn locked me over and over. And a hundred too. I want the *Wagner Garden* for 1 season. Thanks to Al ...

When ... A doctor suggested that I practice speaking with pebbles in my mouth. It worked fine till I put the pebbles in the fire ... I broke I married and a picture shadow ...

When ... I spent a week and at Grossinger's. The pool was just the way I wanted it. Filled with Waters ...

When ... I played a round of golf with Ben Huron. At first I think it was Ben Huron. After I hit my first ball he looked at me and said "Boy of yours" a golfer Tim Ben Huron ...

When ... I lost more and my clothes

ing broke. The really I took a thing in these days. I was supposed pretty much through. Now it only takes me 1 hour to make shorts now ...

When ... I attended my last friend's wedding in Las Vegas. Nothing else ... The producer just said I saw make you one the last way ...

When ... I was an elevator operator at the old Tabor Hotel in Syracuse, New York. They fired me. I couldn't remember the route ...

When ... I got my first night club contract ... They made it to dry on and then died in the last or even ...

When ... I read the *Kinky* report. It proved only one thing. Women talk too much ...

When ... I owned a house in Hollywood. I made \$100,000 for it. The tenants all stopped me dollar a piece ...

When ... The old Barfield Inn at Broadway and 45th Street was the actors' paradise. They served meals with the room and the hotel was about two blocks a week. The people weren't bad but eating the food was like playing *Swampy* roulette ... The actor

know what road was going to kill you ...

When ... I was a kid I was in kindergarten that I had to bring my pants pinned in a circle ...

When ... The lowest played character in Earl Fisher's band at Beebe's. Now he gets \$1000 for singing "In Everybody's House" ... He gets \$1000 a week and he wants to know if everybody is happy ... He was fired the center in the unemployment line ...

When ... I got that had left from my doctor. I especially like the first show ... For creating the show to talk to you and discussing that it wasn't you ... 100 ...

When ... Marvin Mathews first named after Bowdoin. Commenting it was a very quiet community ... The town fathers tried to keep it that way. It's the only town in America where the fire department plays no related phone number ...

When ... I was almost killed in the Automat. I was taking a piece of pie and the knife came fell down and hit me in the neck ...

When ... I came from London to New York on a British B.O.A.C. plane. That stable for sitting over American Oak ...

When ... I worked in a summer Chalet night club. The club people wanted to make a deal with our ladies. They said that they would close their windows if we shut down ...

When ... I was waiting to and home after World War I. I stood in line with thousands of other dough boys to see an unknown, exiled President of the Police Department made it long later on. Maurice Chevalier ...

When ... The producer of a picture at Metro wanted a guy to play a night club M.C. and they looked me for the job. You guessed it I wanted the type ... I remember ...







# TEST



The noted explorer was describing his adventures as far-away, exotic Pango-Pango.

"The women there have their breasts in back instead of in front," he told his listeners.

"They must be pretty weird looking creatures," ventured one of his audience.

"They're not much to look at," admitted the explorer, "but they're a lot of fun to dance with."

A Indian told his major dance to dance his one of his dances girls live there a day every day. The major dance that at the age of 50 and the Indian lived to be 90. Then they point up a sword. It's not the women that kill you, it's the dancing after them that does it.

A well-dressed gentleman entered a tavern and seated himself at the bar. After he had ordered a drink, he took a piece of string from his pocket and carefully laid it down as a straight line. Then he took out a small whistle and started to blow on it. As the man blew, a remarkable thing happened — the ends of the string stood straight up, firm and unswerving.

A woman sitting near him watched the procedure with great interest.

"That's amazing!" she said.



1925

"Could you do it with a heavier piece of string?"

"If they have a piece here," the man replied. Whereupon the bartender brought out a length of heavy rope.

Once again the man blew his little whistle and once again the ends stood up.

"My, that's unbelievable!" the woman exclaimed. "Do you suppose it would work with a piece of heavy rope?"

The man nodded and the bartender produced a short piece of very heavy rope.

The man once again blew his whistle—and once again the ends of the rope stood up, firm and unswerving.

"That's a truly fantastic whistle!" the woman said. "I'll give you \$100 for it."

The man took the woman's \$100 and she left with the little whistle.

That evening, as the woman's husband sat in his study to bed, reading himself to sleep, she leaned over him and began to blow the whistle with all her might. As she leaned away with an evil gleam in her eye, the whistle proved its worth.

The ends of her husband's pajamas stood straight up, firm and unswerving.

Old Oklahoma Pete remembers about the crazy wind-up Indian

# 4fun

—PUNCH—

who couldn't tell heads from tails. He came home with some mighty funny-looking scalps.

A dreamer has been defined as a beautiful, nymphomaniacal deaf mute with a large indented thumb.

During the last war Oswald was a tall sparrow, and for that matter, he still is.

A very pretty girl was in the day coach seated across from her was a young handsome man with a glint in his eye. Suddenly the train went into a long, long tunnel. When the light broke in the coach was broken, the two passengers were in total darkness for about three minutes.

At the next stop the young man got off the train very quickly.

At the very same stop, the girl got off in turn and, in haste, asked to speak to the station master. She explained that while the train was in the tunnel the stranger had stolen all her money.

"And where was your money?" the station master asked.

"Inside the top of my stocking," was the reply.

"Didn't you feel him reaching for it?"

"Of course I did," came the innocent reply, "but I thought his intentions were honorable."

When asked what she would like to read if ever married on a desert island, a chorus girl replied, "A trained sailor."

Women who are intercommensurate Make men feel discomfited.

"I've got a great client that I can't get placed at any of the studios," moaned a Hollywood agent.

"What's the client like?" asked another agent.

"Got a build like Bruce Banner, sings like Boris Day, and can act like Audrey Hepburn," was the answer.

"You shouldn't have any trouble placing her," he was told.

"Her?" exploded the agent, "it's not a her, it's a him."

Overheard in a dark movie house: "Take your hand off my knee at once! No, not you . . . I'm!"

Chico says he knows why the Mexicans pushed him side off the cliff.

"Tropica," he mutters.



I wanted to take  
JEM to a barrel  
full of monkeys.



The whole  
question was  
how they came.



I got tired  
of hearing  
the kids  
of the  
area, and  
so,  
"We're all  
out of  
JEM."



I DARE



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*If you're looking for the meaning of life, then buy Life; but if you want to make like Casanova, you've come to the right corner...*

# YOU TOO CAN BE A GREAT LOVER

BY FRED LAWSON

*The name Casanova is synonymous with love-making. You think of Casanova and immediately you envision a dashing character, ever-successful with the ladies, fighting them off, desperately trying to get a moment's peace.*

*You'd like to be like him, eh?*

*Well, before you decide that that is precisely the life for you, hi-ho, maybe you'd better see exactly what kind of a life it is.*

*In the last few years, certain documents have come to light which permit a closer look at Casanova, the man. Heretofore, we've based our accounts of him on fragmentary information, but with the dis-*

*Continued on page 102*



**SEPARATE  
VACATIONS  
?**



# Battle of the Sexes

## HE: YES!

*Gary Frost*

Once upon a time a young fellow got was asked as an experiment to grade the animals.

His answer: "They are all info also. Also there is a perfect beast."

He was right, of course. It used to be believed that certain divorcing husbands have been at work on Man in the past several thousands of years. Instead of working around in the sun, skin and nothing else, he wears the skins of other animals or plants. Instead of growing on a dinner basket, he uses a fork and knife. In, if we say is looking, he grows on a dinner basket. And although he has been more accustomed to the production of man-

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## SHE: NO!

*Female Reader*

Taking the mystery side is a discussion such as this could easily mark me as a love hungry, narrow-minded grade. But before you pass judgment kindly bear with me while we examine the facts of the matter.

First of all I wish to state that I am not against separate restrooms for heterosexuals who simply become I feel that a man should not be left off a bench if a woman can't be treated for two weeks alone then he can't even be treated for one night alone and if that be the case the wife is going to lose him sooner or later anyway.

My reasons for taking the mystery side in this matter are purely (continued on page 52)

*When the sailor met the stomach wiggler, there was plenty of naval maneuvering.*

# THE BELLY DANCER

BY KENNETH WASTELL

Seaman-First Maynard Walters swung up out of the liberty boat onto the ancient stone quay and, planting his feet wide apart and his fists on his hips, stood surveying with wonder the welter of barefoot humanity that pressed forward, offering brassware, displaying rugs, brandishing postcards, all to the accompaniment of high-pitched exhortations in an exotic lingo and against the background of low, flat-roofed, dusty buildings clinging precariously to the steep hill that rose abruptly from the waterfront.





was a shimmering haze of look.

"So there is *carrots*," he said aloud to himself. "Where's the carrot?"

The tide of sunset waters leaping up from the thirty boats behind him parted around Samson Walters as though he were an offshore rock breaking the surf and tumbled together again, leaped him to surge unobscured through the batties of random toward the handbanded signs proclaiming R&B and WELCOME TO NEW HAVEN. There were lively delays at the barrier and overtop ditching should' have been a handful of peaty post-men. Others crashed through with no more regard for the thin and desperate consequences than the sea above for the retting, barbed-wire-enclosed plings of a military post as it cuts through them onto the beach.

Abashed in contemplation of the smoking, colored bellies before him Samson Walters only gradually became aware of a tapping at his elbow. Looking down, he stared staring up at him, the big brown eyes of a thin, black-haired boy who might have been darker, although he seemed small for his age. He wore a red shirt, a white T-shirt, some sort of under-loungery baggy green trousers and as shoes. The boy grinned broadly when Samson Walters noticed him. "Hello, man," he said. "You work with my sister?"

Samson Walters started the boy on the head and pulled to move off. "No, thanks. No," he said. "No today."

The boy grinned along beside him. "My sister needs you," he persisted. "Fifteen year old, neat (beautif) and muscular."

Samson Walters increased his pace. "Missing an office, huh?" he replied. "Although I don't for one minute doubt the fifteen years old. I am a wife skeptical about the neat beautiful and a downright believer about the muscular."

The boy broke into a trot to keep up. "My sister makes you work happy," he said. "You come visit my sister, man."

Samson Walters stopped abrupt-

ly, in that the legs taken by surprise stretched out past him and had to turn around and look back. "Look, huh?" he said patiently. "He won't that I don't appreciate your interest, but the fact is that I have given up visiting children on favor of breaking my cultural barriers."

The boy's brown eyes widened uncomprehendingly. "Pleas?"

"What I mean is, I don't never been in this part of the world before and when I found out my ship was going to make a port-of-call here at the Mediterranean, I panicked myself. I'd make a point of seeing all the beautiful and artistic landmarks I got a chance to," Samson Walters' eyes grew wet. "I bought a guidebook and marked all the places. I'll be able to see. I looked forward to walking around in all these old ruins and like that."

He sighed. "Well the ship died up at Cannes. But I didn't get up in the hills to see the Matisse crowd at Vence. I had two days' leave in Naples, but I didn't get to Rome to see the Forum and the Colosseum. We sailed to Florence, but I didn't get nowhere near Athens, let alone the Acropolis." He glared at the boy. "Why didn't I?"

The boy shook his head. "I not know, man. Why?"

"Because I spent all my time in every one of those parts visiting some life's sister, that's why. They're all fifteen years old, all beautiful and all pure in the dream now. They're all exactly the same. And I've been wasting my time with them and neglecting my education. Well, that's all over now. From now on I visit the points of interest, not the sisters." He folded his arms across his chest to emphasize his determination.

There was a pause while the boy gazed around at the dirty boats as though he had never seen a before. Then he looked up at Samson Walters. "Is your passion 'What points of interest you wish visit here'?"

"What, I'm not just now," Samson Walters volunteered one more. Then his position across his chest to scratch his chest thoughtfully. "I went off in a hurry and left my guidebook with the sister of a kid

named Dominique in Firenze. I don't remember if I had anything marked for that part or not, but there must be something. There's always a catch, ain't there?"

"Oh, yes." The boy nodded vigorously. "You wish see catch? I take you there. Then, maybe afterward you come visit my sister?" He looked up hopefully.

Samson Walters laughed and pushed the boy's shoulders down over his forehead. "You don't give up, do you, huh? I got no intention of visiting your beautiful, startled sister, now or later, but if you want to be my guide through the catch, I'll give you a look. How's that?"

The boy's eyes widened again. "Pleas?"

Samson Walters fished a green bill out of his breast pocket and displayed it before his eyes. "One American dollar for you for taking me to the catch. Okay?"

The boy looked a wide-eyed "Thank, man?"

"By the way," said Samson Walters as they started off up the cobble street, "what do I call you, huh? What's your name?"

"All Eats," the boy replied, looking as though up with the pace set by his slightly long legs.

Samson Walters glanced down out of the corner of his eye. "You're trying me on."

"Pleas?" the boy purred, twisting his head up sideways as he jogged along.

"Name man. Forget it. Okay, All Eats, and I hope we don't run into any of your friends."

All Eats led Samson Walters along the waterfront pushing through the throng of vendors and beggars that filled the narrow street, alternating with a cart wheel as two others who approached the seller. Then he turned up an even narrower street that wound, almost deserted bottom black lanes. Looks up the hill. Part way up, he saw Samson Walters' arm and tossed him against the wall just in time to avoid being struck by an old Mervin that came careening around a turn and bounced free.

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## **SAVE OUR SHIPPE**

*Batten down the hatches, men, but do help us, Rowrah (who is not in these pictures) this girl is named Shirley Shippe. She added the "O" herself as she could use the initials S.O.S. But this is one Shippe that needs no saving. In any port she might be in, with or without port in her, she is well able to take care of herself. If not with her razor-sharp wit, then with her well developed*









WOLFF PETERLIN'S

# JEM



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muscles (and we're not referring to the muscles you're thinking about, *wise guy*). Shirley does not come from a naval family and the nearest this Shippe has been to a ship is when one of her boyfriends took her out in a canoe and she ended up paddling him. But no matter—whenever she goes she draws acres of attention.









## THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN IS...

### THEY ARE CRUEL...

Don't look now, but there are more women than men at wrestling matches. Why? They're not dumb enough to think that the matches are on the square. And although possibly the male body in action has come out ahead, there are other ways to stimulate the male body to more vigorous action. No—they go to enjoy the spectacle of seeing some club apparently stomping the juice out of some other club's brawny chest.

Yes even they know that it's all in good fun and all sports. But still they like it. They enjoy seeing some brawnsmith, caught in a simple hold by twelve-year-old boy could break, grind and grind and pound on the floor as horrible as any. They scream with joy when the Terrible Turk pounds the head of the Japanese Gentleman on the posts of the ring. They shake with pleasure as Cowboy Badness breaks Dr. Soul Fall in the ropes and whallops him in the single swift.

Women love to hand it out. One of the reasons for the failure of so many modern marriages is that—marriage being composed of many other ingredients except it's hot and some running good lights—they begin to discover that they

enjoy the fights more than the rings.

They enjoy them because they have the men captured in every way. He can't hit a woman, so his natural way to make an impression is to talk to her. He has to yell at her, and right there he's dealing with woman's greatest weapon—her tongue. There isn't a stick in Eden who can stand up against woman's tongue. And she knows this and loves to talk a man with it.

And what's more, he usually doesn't even use the right tactics. He uses logic. She uses induction and emotion. And he loses right then. He doesn't understand logic. But a man can be lost badly by rusty remarks—and this is the woman's specialty.

The only chance a man really has is when a woman lets her words get away with her—loses it totally and, as it speaks—and becomes a bit uncontrollable. Then she works him to dominate her, make him to adore her, for maltreatment.

So he lets her have it, which is going capitulation. But it's masked by the fact that she's enjoying herself. Why else women at club's going to lose it? Better not to think she'll take it.

Better way, the way home.

### THEY HATE OTHER WOMEN...

Women are known. To begin with, they hate—and love—men. So you'd think they'd find some consolation in making out their own kind, so men do, to get some spiritual help and friendship out of it. In a battle of the sexes, but get it all like enjoy each other. They play cards, pool, drink, or just about the latest tri-angler. But women get together with their own kind only to exchange the latest gossip about others. And their entire conversation is a subtle attack on the one they're talking to.

"What a delicious hat, my dear! I don't it wonderful that all the old styles are so safe now?"

"My, you look well! Putting on that always seems so becoming to in other women."

"I'm so happy, my dear, to hear of your husband's promotion. It was

so long in coming, wasn't it? And after all, it's such an honor these days, even when not very much money goes along with it."

"Yes, we've bought a Lincoln Continental. The Cadillac is an ordinary thing. Do you still have yours?" It was a '68, as I remember.

Anyone who wants to see exactly how all women meet, all other women should study a couple of hours meeting in the jungle. Every woman is desperately interested and knows all at the same time. The eye turns to her first. The doors escape and retreat, in colloquy of their quarters. The talk goes and evolves. There's a certain deep inside.

Watch your wife or your girl, and time you introduce her to another pretty tiger—I mean, girl.

### THEY BELIEVE EVERYTHING THEY HEAR...

It's strange, when you think of what little women are that they believe absolutely everything they hear from other women.

"George might just get a \$5000 dividend today, you?"

"I understand that Mr. Featherwhite has a mistress, and that his wife doesn't even know it."

"Spidey married back in the house. Take that one outside and let him freeze to death but don't step on him."

"I hear that the Governor's wife is a drunkard. Now I know why she wouldn't come with him last year on that tour of your legendary mining territory?"

And on and on. The little brains just can't make repeating and believing what they hear.

Why?

Because gossip is really malicious. And as naturally they tend to believe the worst. If anyone were able to control gossip—any gossip, anywhere—for a full week, he'd discover that women just simply wouldn't believe anything that was good about others.

"I don't hear it just could be!"

"Well, why not?" you might ask.

"Well, it stands to reason," says the little woman.

It stands to what?

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# SCREEN-PROOFED LOVERS

BY BOB REINER

*Our goof-ball caption writer looks at some of flickerland's most famous heartthrobs (John Barrymore, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, Clark Gable, Jean Gabin, Rudolf Valentino and Marlon Brando) and has come up with—well you name it between laughs...*



"You ready for the real kick, girl, honey?"



"How these stars surround a wonder!"



1941-42

"Let me go a second! I need a little bit more of this!"



"Bye-bye, see you Friday at school next!"





"When baby and you are told"



"That was how an hour after, gentle and baby"



"I'm the office girl—she needs a day for lunch money."



"My parents are concerned 'coz they were popular people when they were."



"They fight equals right and that's more than their parents do take. I left home."

(continued from page 11)

and simply because I believe that a husband and wife can get to know each other all over again when they are away—together—from all family responsibilities.

To begin with the average family—without children—goes through the most nearly hourly ever meeting each other. The husband spends his days at the office or at the plant and the wife spends hours if she doesn't work—cleaning house, doing the marketing and preparing the meals. (If she does work the situation is even worse. She spends all day at her job and then has to come home and clean, shop and cook.) When the busy daily routine leaves both are tired from a hard day's work and, at home time, it is perfectly understandable for one or both to be cranky and irritable.

Should they have nothing to do that evening the hubby after sitting by himself either retires to the living room with the evening paper or turns on the TV in which the lady's Willy does the dishes. After a few hours of TV, whether it be sports, quiz shows or variety shows—ladies please, neither something about having to be at the office early the following day and takes off for bed.

#### Willy follows

Should the husband not be too tired for a little relaxation, he can

lovely to make his grade, calculate his annual business and then turn out and go to sleep.

Thus the day ends. Certainly one can find a lot to be thankful for.

Now let's take the more exciting but less than the couple have some place to go. They once again cut dinner in advance, get dressed and then take off for the cocktail party or bridge party or luncheon. There they both try to connect with a few cocktails. If hubby has one too many the wife gets angry. If Willy has one too many the husband gets angry. If they both have a couple too many then they spend the next day arguing about who drank too much and why.

This is what, in an average day in the average couple's life. It may seem a little exaggerated but if you stop and think about it and are happy with yourself you must admit that with few exceptions it is pretty much true.

And, since this is true, I move then anyone who says that that hubby and wife both need vacations. But I don't agree that these vacations should be of the separate variety. Since this particular husband and wife found another or cannot to get married in the first place there is certainly no reason why they should married like men. I found in an after marriage vacation. A vacation in which they both can get a little romance. A vacation in which they can once again find each other in which they can both again dis-

cover just what it was about each other that they liked.

Now of course a man can say that there is no reason for a wife to take a vacation as—once again if she doesn't have a job—she is a personal vacation anyway. And I don't dispute the fact that a man does work harder in his office than a woman does in the home. Since he has responsibilities, whether he's gradually under pressure but there are reasons against—not the separate vacations.

Working as hard as he does and being under so much pressure as he is, he doesn't get to enjoy his wife. As a matter of fact, he hardly ever knows her. What he knows how his mind is still at the office. He's still thinking about that account he did or didn't get or about being the paper of Miss Goodman's house, or about the fact that his new vacuum has taken off for the month. He's completely preoccupied and it would take a Virginia Smith or a Jane Mansfield to get his mind off his problems. And let's face it, even if his wife is the most attractive woman in the world, after doing a full day's housework she certainly doesn't look her best.

Instead of a couple taking vacations they go on vacation she can take. To me, he can give him a holiday but more than any paid up-chippy can give him as he knows him better the knows what he wants and—on a vacation—she can look as attractive as Brigitte Bardot or Jane Mansfield.

Now of course, once again I must qualify. The woman I'm talking about is the woman who truly loves her husband, who doesn't spend the whole year wondering to know how or that doesn't give him a night out with the boys and then make him pay for it. The woman I'm talking about is the one who still cares how she looks and can still satisfy her husband.

If he takes just one vacation with her and finds out just what it can do for her and then if he no talk in the future of any other type of vacation. He wouldn't want to go anywhere without her. In what's all the shouting about in the first place. \*



"I'm a good..."

"Your husband's a jerk..."



## ADVICE TO THE LOVEWORN

BY DON WAN

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a poor boy. My girl friend is hooked on more wine than on the drinks in a bar. In fact she drinks so much like a fish that I call her "boreale." My sweet little piece of "bore!" I've found recently of a cure for alcoholism proposed by a Dr. Kennedy Smith of Quincy, Mass. He says if you rub a piece of a person's heart that person will no longer desire liquor. Any truth in that?

T. Twining

Dear Mr. Twining:

Take it with a grain of salt. A little surgery might be in order. Ha.

Dear Mr. Wan:

Do you think I have grounds for suspecting my girl friend's fidelity? The other night going to park her up for a date I spotted a gold ring-able watch, the door of her house. When I rang the bell a man's voice said "Wherever it is, we don't need you." I knocked on the door and called out, "Maggie, it's me, Louis" and the man said "Louis, we don't need you." I crawled up the stairs and peeked in the window and Maggie looked out and I could see a

man sticking into the street and she saw me and said, "Louis, we don't need you." So I went away. The next morning she called up and said, "Louis, where were you when I needed you?" She still's show up for me date last night. And I said to her, "Maggie you were with another man." And she said "Louis, that night you saw going into my street was a pair of sticks just back from the dinner. And besides you would have had the wrong house. I was told by her you all evening and you never showed." But I think she was being ridiculous. Do you think I have reason to be misled?

Miguel

Dear Miguel:

Yes.

Dear Mr. Wan:

Seventeen years ago, I met a girl and we got engaged. Then she went off to sea (she's a sailor by trade) and was gone sixteen years. She had a few months ago I hardly recognized her. She has two little eyes tattooed on her chest, she smokes a pipe-shaft smoke-sigar cigarette and she wears 11 and 12 size her

though, but wonder about our life together. Can she still love? What kind of a mother would she be? How could I introduce her to my friends? Let me know your opinion, please. Loveless

Dear Loveless:

Are you sure of the woman? Is this the first place, are you sure she's a woman? I would suggest some slight investigation, to assure yourself of her sex. If you are satisfied on that score, I would also make a point of finding out whether or not she's a true or false, maybe she has a boyfriend in every port. Finally I would advise on seeing her make a home, maybe all this but about being a sister is a cover-up for something sinister, like perhaps she's really a soldier. However if you are convinced that she is telling the truth, go ahead and marry her. And good riddance to both of you.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am mad for this girl, named Christina. And I've proposed this instant-but (bitch-bitch) really cannot. I tell off the wife in the middle-but she keeps saying "Dread." And she says but I don't love you. I've tried everything-putting down on my knees, sending her flowers and expensive gifts, but still no success. Is there a trick and true method of proposal?

Try Again

Dear Try Again:

No, sir, there is no tried and true method of proposing. Maybe you're proving too hard. Usually these things just sort of happen. A boy will say something innocent like, "Yes, that sets a lot of me out on me tonight" and the girl will say, "Yes, I will marry you" and that's it. In your case, something more drastic is needed. Have you tried torture? A burning cigarette held, placed at strategic distances, one after turn a "up" into a "yes." You can often pick up married couples who realize their nerves and other things and escape them. Place her on the back and even if she still says no, it'll be a fun evening.



Thank you, President. You're great!



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riage, something internal keeps driving in circles and then back to the jungle, looking for a new mate every time his water-drawer and breeder of the moment gets a little boring.

Now, it would be shallowly sentimental and unconstructive (although delightful) to suggest that a man should go water-hunting every now and then, just as he fishes out to buy a tin or a bottle of fermented grass juice to make his world around him seem a little brighter. And it would be somewhat to suggest in this family magazine that a man should take a separate vacation simply for the jungle pleasures of chasing and capturing other women on the back that you can't catch for him. We'll leave that to his conscience, and his powers of resisting the forces of evil—although we suggest that to keep those good parts of his nature in working order, that he vacation where his temptations are the most dangerous.

No—we'll take up the subject of a *Separate Vacation* in terms of our wife, delightful beautiful, and therefore feminine. —and therefore someone that a man even a child, just as it made to be able to stand with him alone, every day in the year without a break.

One of the unexpected temptations of married life, and well worth the criticism of psychiatrists, is the steady-sided program every husband has to pursue in order to get away from his wife, at least once in a while.

Sometimes he just stays late at the office, or goes in on Saturdays. Not to work extra hard . . . in fact sometimes he doesn't work at all, but sits there, staring the trees with an unseeing, or just staring and looking out of the window. No—he's the peace and quiet he enjoys. He's away from the palpitating of that above his creature. He's away from the thousands of little moments and moments a woman will derive to keep a man so busy that he never has a moment of pure peace while any where near her. He's away from

those dozens and dozens of minor colors—those tastes and small sharp pain moments—that seem to crowd into every woman's day, and spill over on to her unsuspecting husband.

Sometimes the terrified husband just takes to drinking quietly on a night after work. He doesn't even get drunk. He just stands there, contemplating his glass or looking unconsciously into the mirror behind the bar. He's not really doing anything. He's just convincing with himself—while it more than any woman can ever do for him.

Sometimes the poor dope takes to locking himself in the bathroom for long hours. He's doing, he swears, he knows in the portable toilet. That's how or many men get the reputation for taking so long at shaving or dressing—or their worst habit, that they are so clumsy because they take so many showers.

But this—all of this—is a hell of a nice. Working time in the security safety of the office, being in a saloon or in a bathroom, is a deprivation of the personality that a man shouldn't have to put up with. The tired, nervous-husband's night out—in even more something. The little woman obviously permits him to go out with the boys one night out of seven, so that he can come, drunk, and relax like the world's meanest he's ready to let the press in that he's got to watch his step the rest of the week, and he often goes, like a long-suffering that's been caught with his finger in the pie, in between meals. This is just admitting that the little woman is the boss, and looking over the reins to her without a whipper.

Separate vacations in the streets. Women will insist about this. "What about Me?"

"You won't work me working and starting all year, while he goes off chasing after a bunch of blonde mad-houses?"

Yes, Yes, Yes.

Now look, little. By and large, you get taken out enough times during the year without blaming the family bankroll every summer or wint wind up as just an egg of noble talk, dreams, dreams, and entertain-

ing, which is just exactly what you've been doing the rest of the year only in a grander (and more expensive) mode. He don't give us that.

Maybe this is that no wife alive ever wants to do a few things that every man alive needs to do sometimes in a while in order to remain fairly human. A woman never wants to take a walk. She thinks taking is stupid. She thinks walking is cruel. She won't carry out. That's a dead end in a sense. She won't drink sometimes. She won't rough it anywhere. She doesn't like a man's best friends very much, and tolerates them only when they're in their best behavior. She won't get up early. She won't sleep late. She won't travel long distances to visit him.

No. Let a guy go out and do these things the way he wants to. Sure he'll get into a little mischief. But not much. And what a woman doesn't know won't hurt her. And—most importantly—he'll get a little of respect and love and (there out of his opinion in a healthy and normal way without having it pile up and up until it breaks out in some one couple of husband-slams across his wife's pretty knees. And he'll appreciate them, too, all the more what a girl-type girl can mean to a man when he's been away from her for a while. He'll like her all the better when he gets back, and it'll last longer, because even until his next vacation.

Now, in the middle of all this, it is only fair to think a bit about the little woman and her vacation problems. If separate problems are in order. She is already beginning to walk—the double standard favors men, a woman who is treated like a tramp, etc., etc.

The answer is actually as simple as pie, and you know how simple that is. (Simple pie like, it is made, with simple pie cream, etc.)

The wife always goes where she's been saying all year she's going to go.

Back to mother.

Two weeks of that, and you'll look like an angel in her. Or—area father—like a man. \*

# FIVE

IS ONE LESS THAN SICK

1



"That's Leonard. He's the third oldest of the family."

2



"THAT'S HIS SON"



# 3



"Would you stop momentary... I wish to know who is on the telephone..."

# 4



"The paper of the old book..."

# 5



(continued from page 11)

roughly 1450 in the ten-year span that makes my main point.

There are two valuable to just let go down the drain. You are only going down to only a handful. There's no profit in letting your profit slip away on the wings of bad poems.

No, you're got to know. You're got to be sure. You must be positive. You must go to ground.

OK, we've established the urgent necessity of knowing how to tell the dogs from the cats. This is the real art of the dog art of picking up to be explained.

Obviously, this isn't a simple matter. It is an art, or a science, or you will, which requires practice. But there are certain guidelines which can be of immense help in this worthy project. These are, in descending, not positive, but taken as a group they are virtually infallible.

In order of importance, these guidelines are:

1. Maturity
2. Dignity
3. Feet
4. Figure
5. Eyes
6. Hands
7. Fronts

Let's look at them—the so-called "Seven Senses"—individually.

1. **Maturity.** This may seem strange to the sophisticated. The dog will ask, "Who looks at a woman's maturity?" Well, the answer is simple—the Indian look at a girl's maturity. And did you ever see a dog's Indian? They're always with girls.

Our famous Indian operator, the Chief (Gai) Longing Lay had said to my dear Indian in his famous book *Working Politics and Systems For Fun and Profit*:

"See an Indian who looks like she could break up the dog and something. See the Indian who looks like she could break up the dog and you get nothing. Ugh."

What you mean, girl, put on an ordinary mask over her face, with the exception of the nose. Cover the

nose, which can look one way and feel another. Cover the mouth which can be painted to be completely misleading. Concentrate on the maturity which cannot but breathe the truth.

Do they look as if they could breathe fire? Do they look like the nostrils of some wild, savage being—the nostrils of a giant, proper grade? For the nostrils are the key to the woman; they cannot be masked or contradicted. They are what is true put there. And the ones that look as if they could breathe fire are the ones you want. They are broken out to you just who could breathe fire.

Of course, this takes practice. The first few times you may think you've spotted a fire-breather and wind up with a girl who isn't as hot. As examples for study, consider the nostrils of such actresses as Jane Fonda, Bette Midler, Barbra Streisand. These are the outstanding, fire-breathing nostrils.

I don't think it's as much what a girl looks, but what she looks. And how she's wearing what she has.

Now, obviously, you can't go up to a girl and say, "Excuse me, miss, but exactly what have you got on under that dress?"

Not there, nothing to prevent you from looking for the tell-tale signs of the presence of assets (revealing, revealing) or quality (irradiating, radiating) or other forms of ornament which indicate that all is not what it seems on the surface. And a girl who goes in for the look of show will go on actually go in for others. The minute you spot an ornament-wearing beauty.

The outside shell—the dress—sometimes indicates too. If it has made what it is, but how she wears. The outside will sometimes indicate that a girl with a low-cut dress is automatically a wild one. Would that it were so! But you'll see signs of embarrassment—the occasional tearing opened around the holes, the showing of a strand or more! "Because it's a little chilly," the desire to sit in a dark corner away from bright lights. All these show a girl who is somewhat ashamed of her bare flesh; clothes are shown made her wear it in the hope she

could wrap off a boyfriend.

On the other hand, there is the girl in the same kind of dress but who obviously wants to be seen in material, who delights in showing off her curves, who displays eagerly what she's got. That's the one for you!

There's also a subtle relationship between a girl's sensibility and the color of the dress she chooses. From this you may not be aware of this, but only any good psychologist and he'll tell you this is so. Good color-blind psychologists are real personality. Warm colors—red, yellow—indicate a warm personality. A girl who wears a red skirt and blue blouse is strongly split down the middle. Do justice in which half is warm you're in business.

2. **Feet.** Only the true expert picks up picks before feet, the rather difficult to see this subject, but if you can follow the lovely meaning you'll find it infallible. Is that there someone who is in the back who went by feet in the best way of separating the cats from the dogs?

It is simply that a girl with flat feet is telling that a man who depends too much on vertical and not enough on horizontal. Who else will, besides a girl who always standing up? You want one who has flat feet like too much of a last night.

That's the truth. The problem is how to find out if a girl has flat feet. One cannot go up to a girl and say, "Hey there, miss, how goes it with your feet?" One has to be more subtle.

One good approach is to say, "Hey there, miss, you look like you could see a foot—your feet must be killing you—let's sit down and talk." If she agrees that you her feet are killing her, heart's ready relief. If she says, no, her feet don't hurt you've got yourself a date.

3. **Figure.** Too many men put all their reliance and trust in a girl's figure. Figure's fall down and ruinous they immediately assume that a simple. Nothing could be more erroneous. A girl's figure is something nature puts her her mind and personality are her own

accidents. They are completely independent entities.

You'll find some terrific girls whose figures would make Miss Lorraine look like the French Bluebird and yet they are as bright as the North Pole on Tuesday night. Other girls whose heads along the general line of Wally Cox can be as smart and convincing as a trapped mouse might. So there's no relationship between figures as such, and intellect—you may find a 35-34-33 take a minute why is a 33-33-33 not remarkable.

But there is one tipoff on the desirability that can be used, based on looks and figure and that is what experts call the "Wig Combout." Which scientific research has proved that if there is less than six inches difference between the waist measurement and hip measurement, the girl is bound to be hard to please in other words a 34-34-34 figure is fine but a 33-33-34 is danger.

It is often difficult to establish these figures but there's no end of fun trying. The research is itself can be satisfying.

**4 Eyes.** As noted earlier, eyes can be tricky things. They often can look one thing, mean another. So use this guideline only with the greatest of care.

Sometimes a pair of eyes can look as lovingly as express as much passion you want to take off your shoes and dive into them. And when you get there, you find you're inside a dust bowl.

But nevertheless eyes that have no expression will indicate a dull personality just as often words when you see patterns in an expression, it may or may not mean anything, when you see a complete lack of passion, it does mean what you see.

This, then, is a negative guideline. You can rule out plenty of females for quickly dropping the ones without a passionate look. If you do see such a look, you must establish your investigations.

**5 Mouth/Mouth.** There is a major two guidelines. It helps to eliminate a lot of poor males.

It is the range on the hands which

measures in. On the back of rings. There is a little table prepared by Frances Fife an excellent one in the field of statistical research which can be of help here:

Ring Fingers	Mouth
No rings at all	Nothing
Engagement ring only	Stay away, too
Wedding ring only	Nothing
Wedding and Engagement	Nothing
Even handless	Run for your very life.
Like or Maroon ring	You're in the wrong ball

For practical purposes, all Fife's Table made for you represents that an engaged girl is generally a poor risk. She is in the first flush of romance and ultimately will be untrue. Some parents also prefer to only married women as indicated by the presence of wedding rings. Others consider them open invitation. Here you'll have to study yourself.

**6 Friends.** Judge a girl by those with her. This is almost automatic. If your target and her circle all proudly in the corner, looking at gossiping about each. These are all solids in their romantic ideas.

At, on the other hand, they're having a ball drinking and telling all-older stories now close and

close the other days.

As you get older and have less time to waste, you may find it valuable to apply all the preceding six guidelines to your target's friends, too. Chances are if her friends are all through the looks with long off-center, you've hit pay dirt. You might even bring some friends for her friends about introducing them a profitable evening.

Suppose your target passes all the other tests, but her friends are obviously dumb? Well, there is just the latest chance that she is one of those girls who knows her weakness, is afraid of it, and then compensates herself with dumb friends—much like better phobias as an effort to ward off the inevitable. Be particularly proved with your attack. There is also the chance that she is one of those trouble who, even though she passed all the tests really is a dud at heart, and belongs with her friends. You'll have to weigh the risk in your own mind and take your chances accordingly.

Suppose your target thinks the other six tests but her friends all pass them? Better pick one of the friends.

Then, then are the tricky women like those usually and you'll be a better and happier man.

And of all else is the best six-point remains and somebody who's been out with her. \*







# RITA

*"Mirror, mirror/On the wall/Tell me truly/  
Who is fairest/Of them all. . ."* This is no fairy  
tale as the answer obviously is not Snow White.  
But if you look through our mirror which is on  
the next page and which is on the floor instead of  
on the wall and which is soaked up rather than  
dripped up with emotion, the answer to "Who is  
fairest of them all?" is Rita Harley. Rita is a  
professional model by choice and in great de-















owned by photographers although you could just as honestly say she's the choice of photographers because her pictures are in such great demand. But no matter which way you say it, photo-



graphically, Rita can do no wrong. Posing behind the bedposts, Rita's a sight to drive men bed-boggy. She's equally stunning staring on a staircase, crouching on a carpet or posing in the proverbial, "I don't have a thing to wear, to-



## PUTTING WOMEN IN THEIR PLACE

### WELL JUDGED ...

At a recent trial in Kansas City, the judge called the court to order, turned to the women witnesses and said: "The witness will please state her age—after which she'll be sworn in!"

### STREET SCENE ...

In Milan, Italy the judge asked a man brought into court on a molestation charge fifty dollars—not for keeping his wife hot but for keeping place in the street. The man's wife wore glasses which had broken while she was getting her lungs.

### HEATED FEELINGS ...

A Croatian farmer in Yugoslavia told his wife in a neighbor's house. When asked to explain why, he replied, "I did it to get in prison to escape from my wife."

### NUMEROLOGY ...

Alvin Karpis, a death row felon, explaining that while in prison he never permits his date more, one is enough: "One wife is necessary, a second wife is a luxury, a third wife is a waste, and a fourth is punishment."

### HELP WANTED ...

A chap in Baltimore was confronted by his wife who stated that she knew he was having an affair with his secretary, and demanded that he fire her.

"The husband stood firm. "Absolutely not. Good secretaries are very hard to find."

### FOREIGN ENGAGEMENT ...

Determined to prevent his wife from slipping out of their bed for some possible outside fifty-fiftying, a signor in Vienna, Italy had one of his spouse's legs in his own at night.

### OF CABLES AND WIVES ...

During a fashionable convention in Copenhagen, an American department store owner who shall remain anonymous received a cable from his wife which read: "Thank you

are coming around. Once home. Why spend money if I what you can get for nothing?"

Answered, he wired her back: "To hell with your impudence."

### WELL PLACED ...

Shocked before a magistrate by his bride because he had brought his former sweetheart home to live with them, a young Londoner explained that the girl had lost her nose and needed a place to stick.

### SHADE ONE ...

It was serious Canada. Old times or who said: "Woman's role is man's greatest tormentor."

### LIONHEARTED ...

The will of the late Daniel Gillett of Bellingham, England, gave specific instructions that he was to be buried in the same grave with his wife and that the tombstone be inscribed: "Daniel is the lion's den!"

### THE LATE SHOW ...

A newlywed in Bellingham, Scotland explained that she means he took her home not only after dark but because he didn't want people to notice because she was so handy.

### TWO OF A KIND ...

According to a well-known man-about-town, there are two kinds of women: those who can talk and talk on any given subject—and those who don't need a subject.

### SELF-ANALYSIS ...

A husband in Los Angeles called his bride around, having her across the salt line by her ankles, and then said:

"I guess I just can't adjust to marriage!"

### TO CATCH A THIEF ...

After arriving a late five minutes a woman's pocket in a Tokyo department store, Japanese police proceeded to arrest the woman. She had been so busy shoplifting that she had not noticed that she had been robbed.





right, honey," costume. Miss Harley's dimensions can be set down as wow, wire-wow and wowie. While posing for *Jaw*, Rita, with a sparkle in her eye and a jewel-like smile on her lips, asked how come our magazine was spelled with a "J" instead of the usual "G." All we could say was that any girl our readers would give a girl would be as real a gem as one spelled with a "J."





(Continued from page 10)

Yet Marjorie Alger might well have been assisted by certain end-ings in the ultimate sign of the casting couch. The first, obscure husband of a then starlet once called a friend with the frantic news that his wife had been asked to go pushing by the studio's head.

The friend congratulated him. "That's fine," he said. "You'll be making valuable contacts."

"What do you mean, 'fine'?" said the husband. "You not worried?"

His friend replied in sympathetic haste. "If you let her go alone," he said, "everybody'll be sorry!"

But everybody wasn't. Only the husband. His wife divorced him and became the studio biggest star; the producer made money hand over fist from her pictures, prospering beyond all reason. The woman married three more times and today seems ready to live happily ever after. Three remakes of *Crucible* the other possibility that the producer had excluded her husband from the insurance only because he didn't play gin rummy.

The occasional demands of the existence of the casting couch approach sometimes come from strange sources. One of the town's greatest golf blades has lately refused all knowledge of it even after numerous assurances she was off the record. Yet the writer of this report, had not long before got a lead of the young lady in action. Her guy was the publisher of an ultra-sensational magazine, some defunct, and her technique, including the relevant detail, had the publisher's solicitude of a triple to left field. The publisher devoted three hours to taking her home, which might not have been considered an except for two things. One was that she lived two blocks away; the other that as best in his own home, he might in courtesy have come back a little sooner. A featured article in his next issue was about from who all right where.

A more distinguished woman star is just as firm in her insistence

that the casting couch is a joke of the 1920s, and needs a certain air of humor at so much as the introduction of the topic. But for all her casual talent, her position would be stronger had she not a police record for running a city other than Los Angeles.

It is not primarily a weak position, in silent pictures, when talent was at workmen that the problem is today; the couch was rampant. A Hollywood friend that has witnessed of the same will deny that her ladylike aversion to the proposal that it still carries on is hardly compatible with reality.

Los Angeles sociological services are entirely aware that thousands of girls came to Hollywood prepared in advance to swap what they have to swap. They're writers; it's off in advance. The more authentic talent generally would prefer to have to trade with it, and perhaps often get by. But the odd fact is that auditions is hard to stay as durable in its way as not, so often in picture.

That must be true; there are men of power in picture and television men whose business capacity is more than adequate, men whose key positions give them the freight-laying power of being able to help or hinder a career, and in the case of nervous a human life. They are producers and directors and agents; they are businessmen and financiers; their involvement in this era of decentralization where players move into independent production.

Strangely enough casting directors themselves are not the beneficiaries of many continued privileges. They must settle at the pretty same level of it all. The owners of the pack are those who can take it or give it away.

While the humane distribution among those in on the whole of some normal and equitable, there are inevitably exceptions. One young male star may suffer from arthritis; the male equivalent of syphilis made. Although ostensibly happily married to a woman equally famous he is notorious for his drawing

room romps with women whom he pays not to see but is provided professional help. The lady's health notwithstanding but it is this last fact that he has been shifted out a starlet for the week ahead. His reputation is that of a serious movie player.

A girl who has been around Hollywood for a long time recently seemed hardly by outgazing the casting couch railroad.

The lady has a studio head who exposed himself to an opening prompter the moment she had closed the door of his office behind her. She was shocked deeply but not out of her wits. She contented by threatening blackmail. His defensive prompter was in spirit enough of shrewdness. There with shut locked but he had the power. She went back Karl. Hardon never contacted.

The situation continued.

The Agent Ray Hughes. A determinedly impersonal approach but personable as well. The man dressed in reference business and at first a careful avoidance of dirty jokes. Production shop had a woman in the clubhouse. She asked: I know Judy and Jerry like brothers. They rely on my judgment. He glit. I can and will tell you.

The Producer. More the paternal type. Emphasis on being family man. I'm old enough to be your father, and so on. But doesn't really mean it. Ward "invent" would once have out of his wife. As momentary acts in something of a funny person. Makes love as though to thought someone under the bed. He yawned. All you have to know about producers' events, is that I run the show and that includes the budget. He yawn. I can and will buy you.

The Director. Questioning man. This is a latent picture, something from the set to the last. Stationed, very closely over circumstances politics doesn't know director in the whole shooting. Makes them more you know it before he proceeds to the real order of business. He yawned. Your part may look small on script, darling, but when I'm through with it, you'll be the

Break. This past October brought you to the period of time. I will escort you through the door.

**FIL CONSUMERS:** Very cheap. At first, Hanks about shadowy. His redneck. Filmmakers are a virtual molasses kid, and Tim the one who vanishes. Hanks just: Don't fight me, Jimmy, or I'll back you into a character woman.

Fido Culler, Shreveville's first designer. Not soap, suds, soap and where are you? A little piece of collected padding up there—let the clothes. Now in good, I need a collar. I am an editor. He just felt, who the hell editors are listed members.

The Jester You overthrust, are a living doll and I am a living doll and we're taking in the best money in the Valley and if I had anything to say about it, you'd be playing copacetic on instead of all this paltry over there and make I will have something to say about it some day next picture You follow me. To Palm Springs...for instance if you know the general rules around here. Not Vegas One Man Act open and I'm back behind the grocery counter (Comment) He is a picture worth a thousand words I get what I want, something and what I want is you. The girl - But for Caper, who, she is another one before me.

Because of my cynicism, Hollywood is not a land of contenting comedies. They all seem so obvious, so a little worn, but whatever its politicians have to say otherwise. And its politicians do not say otherwise. To the contrary, they are a fairly good story let themselves being agents in their own countries now.

The experimenter would tell the testing mode (paired) and they would be right. Granted but right. The point is that perhaps number one is the world and certainly is no other industry or politics at all. Surely incorrect (by no means) certainly not.

From degeneration with dog into a struggle to transcendence as anyone has sought to show one way or another. Except two classes. Office boys and evening farmers. They go home and feed the dog. \*

## SNEAK PREVIEW

GEORGIA Holden

TYPE A: 100%  
OPEN TO  
AIR

**SNEAK  
PREVIEW**  
MARCH  
2000

Our 1994 expansion  
 has led to new technology  
 and a commitment  
 elsewhere to  
 achieve. From the  
 moment the  
 employee  
 becomes  
 strongly motivated  
 (1994, 1995, 1996)  
 to meet  
 a new level  
 of performance.

**Figure 1**

1	2
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[illegible]

☐ **Wavelength** - **nm**

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■ **Meeting** — **April 11, 1991** — **2:00 PM**  
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11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2686-2692.

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**Table 1**

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every in Ciudad Capelo of his story, excepts those few memoirs and a handful of letters, he has not fully and gratefully to the man and his work.

Don Jose Antonio Hernandez-Gonzalez y Fresco was born in Ciudad Capelo in the 18th Century. The precise date is unknown, although in his story he writes, on Feb. 14 1868:

"Oh! Today is birthday to me. Saint, Valentine's Day. This here is Wednesday (I know since Monday is Thursday and week's day off, etc.) so that makes me thirty-four on the nose. Oh?"

So that is to be believed. It means Gonzalez was born in 1824. And that makes it incredible to find in the Ciudad Capelo Hall of Records a notice of a gateway not filed by our beloved Yuseo Gonzalez until Don Jose Antonio Hernandez-Gonzalez y Fresco—in 1878. He was 54!

So we consulted his diary, obtained lawfully through 1994 channels until we found this, on Sept. 27:

"Oh! Today I was outside all the Yordaphingling day, playing with my botique. Got cha-cha-cha down pretty happy today. Afternoon after off Mother Dillone came up at me with gateway that, from beloved Yuseo Gonzalez. He says I make him have the same birthday. I say at her, why, me? I'm a kid, yet fifteen years old and she's giving me that same birthday. That's what I say at her. At two dear diary, I say—that's number out. Oh?"

Later on looking casually through the book, you are reminded of the man's depravity. Oh, give girls. That's all he seemed to think of. At 15 he wrote:

"When I grew up, I want to be an 13 year-old kid again. Oh, boy?"

At one point, he recounted a real experience he had. The date, Oct. 14 1868:

"Oh! Today was day for Love Gonzalez. My friend had challenged me to a duel to see who's best man, with a broader. That city opened

That incident pop. We had the match at Plaza Del Toros between bull fight.

"Out came 4 beautiful girls from all over the world. My name, 18th one, got ones always ones. Monte ones, beautiful ones. Don Juan on one side of arena, me on other. She who was the most in 18 minutes. It was no contest. I, Don Jose Antonio Hernandez-Gonzalez y Fresco, conquered 13 of the little ladies! Well had she left for dear, again. Don Juan's name? Five—only 24.

"I am tired!"

That was the beginning of a recurring theme, that grows and grows from then on. Gonzalez. It appears was always tired. When he wasn't tired he suffered from what he called "the the whump?"

"You lived to go out sleeping tonight," he wrote in 1844, "I'll have people in."

Oh, the writing!" he wrote, later that same year. "It stinks. Oh, boy, oh, boy!"

"I think I'll give up the writing," he wrote in 1850. "It's positively stupid."

One of the last entries in 1866 was a thought thought:

"Looking back," he wrote, "I had a wasted wasted life. I have done nothing but have fun. No work, no study, no anything experiences. Just play, play, play, play. All play and no work made Don Jose Antonio Hernandez-Gonzalez y Fresco a total boy. If I had a girl to do over again what would I do? I've been pondering that question for several hours today.

"I think I would marry myself as a girl and make, therefore, make a girl's daughter. That would be a good gambel. No, what am I saying? I would do nothing at the end/that's playing out."

"If I had it all to do over again I would totally distance from women. I would take up a trade, an interest, worthwhile trade like wine always —no, stop it, my bad self. I would be a bookkeeper or a gardener or a writing director. I would devote my self to good works to the last things in life, to—

"Who am I kidding? I would do

just what I did. The only thing I regret is those two days back in '70 when I played poker all night with the boys. It's action."

Two weeks later, he died. They came, according to the death certificate on file in the Hall of Records: "Apople, chronic, ultimately cardiac loss."

"You got the picture? This was a man who had his way with hundreds of women, and obviously he wound up his life here—he had a few times physically, but he wasn't sure that he hadn't completely wasted his life.

If you still want to be a Gonzalez, live. If not, leave the page quickly and just look at Jose's lovely last pages and read the educational message further on.

For those as are still with me, here is how Gonzalez appeared:

It was a simple formula. He wasn't especially handsome. He wasn't over-poweringly strong and virile. He was so much with no penis, and he wasn't particularly wealthy.

All he had was collapsing out appeal. He had a way of looking at women/looking through them, virtually ignoring them yet at the same time involving them. He would meet a girl here with the customary glance of the eye, and then give her his patented look.

In that one expression, there was the motion-of the eyes in one quick glance. In and all three things—

- I am your slave
- I am your master
- I dig you the most
- I think you're a dog
- I would walk to the ends of the earth for your smile
- I wouldn't walk across the street for your smile
- I think your hair would be like porcupine

I know where I can get dream chocolate.

Any girl, who can read Gonzalez could see all those things in Gonzalez's eyes. He was at one and the same time attracted and repelled. She knew that here was a man strong men, a man who knew women, a man she should avoid like the plague—yet she couldn't. And the



*(Continued from page 38)*

collaborators to collaborate down the hall, observed by a mid-guard by a couple of paces, someone than All Ede. The crowd was the same kind of hazy bloomers, the crowd of which, apparently is keeping with the local style, was located about halfway down the block.

Samson Walters turned to watch the boy pull out of sight. "How can he, like a like with these pants on?" he asked.

All Ede looked puzzled a moment but then smiled. Oh, yes," he said. "Like this." He held his hands out stiffly in hand-dance-propriety position and nodded variously from side to side, lifting the off leg high on the up of each rock. "I see," said Samson Walters. "But how's he going to stop?"

All Ede smiled mysteriously. "Oh, that's all right. These much people we crowd at bottom. He can stop some of them."

They started off, his head side almost checked others and even decorated a few, always between, sometimes with soft closed eyes. Occasionally a cold woman would

pass, following a jet on her head or a man, stopped under an overman that would freeze slowly by. They came to a small bus in district where there were more people and little shops opening their store out or eight-foot width to the street. There were looked by old bearded men in robes and turbans who spotted like rambling workhops in the shade of their work of rope or leather goods, soft portable bags and cardigan-like shippers, shrewdly decorated and looked baroque, stuffed, long flat, next a lot and

Finally Samson Walters stopped and waved the crowd from his forehead. By the heart of the project and all that, just, All Ede this silent, swart-like-shining motion. "Where are going to get to the market?"

All Ede looked startled. "Where? But this the market, man, this old quarter of city."

"The same this is all there is to it? Nobody getting closed up? No dancing girls?"

"Dancing girls? All Ede's face brightened. "Yes like the dancing." That had come to me, but asked in the dancing we did something at our kitchen and outside."

"Great!" The seller beamed. "The dance of the seven veils and like that. Others? Let's go, All!"

Samson Walters followed. All Ede crossed a few miles back, open up and come down, and there down a short flight of steps into a large, low-ceilinged room, below street level, markedly lit by all lamps. The ceiling was decorated by a heavy, almost-continuous layer of smoke hanging shaggyly beneath it and constantly regenerated by the flickering lamps and by the water pipes emitted by pipes spouting on columns about the room. Lighted a cleared space in the middle of the floor four men sat playing a game, clumping, monotonous, lyrical music in what appeared to be some kind of simple long drum and three overcast mandrills.

"It isn't the type of town you go home wanting," Samson Walters remarked. "But these old men know how to play it."

A bowing attendant appeared and after a consultation with All Ede, led them to a pair of seats near the musicians. Samson Walters sank awkwardly in sitting both position and behind his legs. "Right for a nice old here," he said. "What can I get you, All, or anyone else?"

All Ede spotted easily back to him. "Quickly coffee serve here," he said. "Minutemen bring."

The coffee appeared, in usual cups on a silver tray. Samson Walters accepted his cup slowly. "The goodness of what the musician claim this about my idea of a drink—most or a hot day. But when is here—which I won't, thanks to the order of a bill named Luigi." He took a sip and set down the cup, his eyes wide with disbelief. "That ought to go great on Sappho, but by the old person's standards, All, it isn't fit to drink."

One of the musician players exchanged his instrument for a two-pottery and shinning, began to sing a wailing, melancholy song with a refrain on which a number of the persons joined him. "This, 'The Winesong.'" All Ede whistled. "It must popular."

"Where was the girls?" Samson



"I don't see for a ball of a lot, just the forest necessities of life."

Walters shrugged back. "Isn't that popular?"

"It isn't too long," Ali Baba assured him.

An hour passed, during which Seamus Walters bought three more rounds of coffee because, as he explained to Ali Baba, "It isn't right to sit looking to the music and not buy nothing." He still could not bring himself to drink the thick, sweet brew, however, so he and Ali Baba would sip carefully at their cups, and Ali Baba would drink both their coffees. The bar was now on his eighth cup of coffee, and Seamus Walters was beginning to feel like a connoisseur of death.

The mandoline returned to their place after a short intermission and picked up their instruments. A cue among the audience suggested that something was about to happen. Seamus Walters craned his neck and saw what appeared to be a phantom emerging from the shadows in a far corner of the room. The mandoline began to play, and the phantom, moving as fast as the music, approached the closed space in front of them. As it came into the spotlight, he saw that it was a girl dressed in red. She raised her arms gracefully over her head and stepped rhythmically into the closed space.

She wore a red veil over the lower part of her face and another over her bare midriff, but both were of sheer gauze and had nothing. Seamus Walters was entranced by her beauty (she was like a young deer, like a dancer and freak, like a girl, dancing brown eyes flicked over the top of the thin veil at most odd angles and moving). The mandoline emitted a sustained, rising note and the girl's midriff began to rotate without apparent direction from her, as though it had gone into business for itself. Slowly, asymmetrically it moved around, and then back, accented by the drum which accompanied her to perfect synchronization her pelvis jumped suddenly forward and back. It jumped again.

Seamus Walters was leaning as far forward, that his crossed legs kept him out; he did not care. He

was aware that his mouth was hanging open foolishly and made a conscious effort to close it. He had seen bumps and grubs in baroque shows and had always thought them a good joke—some aging dancer, head bleached blonde, gawky grin, and resulting through the mechanical routines for the ball room and the casino. This girl was not doing bumps and grubs, but with a difference. What was it Ali Baba had said? In the dancing we find something of our national and artistic? That was it! This girl was not merely wringing and shaking her way through a wooden ritual for a crowd of hysterical strangers (she was an artist, preserving the cultural tradition of the baron just outside the walls, her father).

Her body arched unnaturally while her arms cranked into the air. She leaned far to the right, and then back. Her left leg twisted from knee down. Seamus Walters craned his neck to himself (his head backward until her head almost touched the floor behind her, her slightly curved shoulders rolling with the mandoline). He pulled his back closer until the drum beat from below. What an action! Seamus Walters closed his eyes, prodding himself in the side of the ceiling after the ball was over and then opened them quickly as he would not miss a trick.

All that after what could have been hours or only minutes, the dance ended and the phantom disappeared into the shadows. Seamus Walters let out a long breath and leaned back, feet or now the crump in his legs. "Ali Baba," he murmured, "my reader has finished. Can that girl be—ah—re-created?"

Ali Baba shrugged. "Who can say?" (She is precious, the daughter of a great chief of the desert who tell her if he led her, he should himself become man.) But he grinned. "She also a woman. I speak by her." He rose and walked to the far corner of the room where the girl had disappeared.

It seemed a long time before he returned. "She not prettier woman than men," he said, "but she



Robert Williamson, author of "The Dance of the Red Veil," is a writer and producer. He has written for the BBC, the New York Times, and the New York Review of Books. He is also a producer of the film "The Dance of the Red Veil," which was shown at the Venice Film Festival in 1995. He is currently working on a new film, "The Dance of the Red Veil," which is set to be released in 2000.

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rather you while she dainties and he just played off his wits like 'Ol' cooney'—he cried Scamson Walters' eyes. 'You have certain respect if you, perhaps make her small point of money—'

'Five American dollars And make a mummy. Al! I can't wait!' As Al Bala went off to recover the money Scamson Walters closed his eyes, resting the palms of his hands—'from here. 'Easy it is up, Al, old pal,' he whispered.

After another interminable wait Al Bala reappeared. 'The policeman told I have a understand your of the. She had it without doubt your intention offer one hundred American dollars—'

Scamson Walters blushed. 'A hundred dollars? In the center? Look! If she say that her honest pocket—' 'I've got exactly twenty-seven dollars. That's the best! I'll give her the whole works, even though I think I could get her down to fifteen just to get out this delay. Let's get this deal on the fly, Al!

During the interval just as that Al

Bala was gone this time Scamson Walters wondered if he was being wise. 'Twenty-seven is the nice end of making especially with these women even on a payday and other parts on the Saturday before than for those huge dos you! A night Scamson lady! And that woman! Oh that woman! It was the woman that decided him. He would pay more if he had it.

Suddenly Al Bala came back. 'The policeman say it really went small off! He was in her position, but because she like you she accept Come this way.'

Scamson Walters stood as still as a post and in pain. He would have taken of his back's muscle. Al Bala's shoulder. The boy's face showed alarm. 'What may? What the matter?'

Scamson Walters tried to smile through clenched teeth. 'Nothing serious, Al Bala. But my feet have gone to sleep. I'll be all right in a minute. Go!' He tried his feet again. 'There, let's go!'

At the door on the corner of the

room Scamson Walters stopped and turned to Al Bala. 'Well, thanks for your help, Al! I guess I can find my way from here.'

Al Bala held aside the strings of beads that hung in the doorway. 'How you talk by her, man? You must have it—let's go together.'

'Oh!' He walked through the doorway, ducking under the upper beads. 'Well, let's go, old pal, man. That you here?'

Following the boy through a crooked doorway, Scamson Walters found himself in a small drooping lamp room that smelled of incense. The doors reached full length on a mound of cushions, the ceiling so low as to be entered. On that side he thought, from here down. He wondered if he should have heard the huge drumming in an outside the door and provide the rhythm. That wonderful music was the whole thing. She was beautiful, but he wasn't blowing his whole head off for beauty. It was the action.

The girl held out her hand and he crossed the room and took it. She pulled him down beside her and held out her other hand. Then he saw the message. He pulled her from between cushions from his breast pocket, kissed it good by and put it on her head. She smiled and looked at him.

Al Bala drew his throat. 'Well, perhaps I can't handle her after all. I want to see outside man.'

Scamson Walters' head was full of dizziness. 'Oh, thanks, Al! Oh, my! Al Bala, you go you might tell the little lady that when I'm tired, tomorrow go in the corner.'

'I know!'

'The woman. It's like her to look of to her shoes here on the cushions.'

Al Bala spoke to the girl, and she replied laughing. Scamson Walters remained to be on the job. She was taking it like a good sport. 'What did she say—Al?'

Al Bala moved to the door and grasped the curtain. 'The way I'm standing down you do it. She was to go to sleep.' He ducked quickly through the curtain, leaving Scamson Walters alone with the cushions and the drumbeats in her head. ■



"Bala, did we're not sleeping. How does your woman be around the night."

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BOOKS...

No doubt readers of the annual in print will be attracted to *From East and West* (Julian Price), the "critical psychoanalysis of 'ethnicity'." However, those who read R. E. L. Masters carefully re-

membered books find that it is as good gone for good: a mere statement in studies. *From East and West* is a stimulating modern study of the experiences that have dictated the development of Western sexual morals. The volume also includes the complete text of one of the classics of demography, Kautsky's *Demography*.

*Two Loves* (Patterson) is made up of two completely different types of love stories: one only in the superb quality of the writing (the *Blue Boy*) and their emotional pull. In the opening story, *East and West*, the author, a Canadian, moved to the East and educated in the West, made good use of her knowledge of both cultures in telling the moving story of what happened when the brother of a young French girl came to the West but brought up as Canadian, then he grew up her new life and Canadian friends and go back to France.

The second story, *Western Love*, takes place in England and is about the love of one girl for another.

Both parts of this double reader will move heavily with the reader.

For a long time now Linda Christian's name has topped most lists of international playgirls. To change this name, Miss Christian has written her autobiography: *Linda: My Own Story* (Oxford). This doesn't mean she is trying to outdo the facts, which will be obvious to every reader from what she admits to. In her self-confession, but what she is trying to do is to put things in their proper perspective, and she does come over with a completely different picture of the famous beauty from the one created by the press. *Linda* is the first, does remain, though, no matter what the name, she has lived a very full life and one that is most enjoyable to read about.

There has been a few years, for theatre books. There have been a great many theatrical books published, the latest of which is *Allen: Christian's The Great White Way* (R. P. Dunning). Reading with the

actors' strike of 1918 and starting at the turn of the century, the book reveals a theatre in which the emphasis was on glitz and glamour rather than solid substance. Going to the theatre then was just for fun, just as it is for now to read about Broadway's Golden Era.

Selected records to the contrary, the greatest failures in the world are women. From their earliest years they are trained to suppress some common sense and keep their lips sealed in everything but a husband (the *Marriage*). You will meet five of these businessmen at work at a business resort. By the time you have finished Miss Jeanette Kautsky's book, you will have everything there is to know about these people, which is indeed worth while. But even more worthwhile to all you single guys, you'll get a private glimpse of the boys being out for you right now. If you get explored after that you discover at

Edward Stephen Miller's *Flower in the Way of the Moving Man* (Oxford) is a book-length story about a group of characters who will do anything for a book except work for it. Led by a repeating word that and his stepfather's girlfriend, the group began to put a book in the month. Cost was a big payoff by selling him up as a magazine but for a new happy American nation, which she has already been in and out of a dozen years since then. The action is wild, the laughs are loud.

*Kill and Control: The Strategy of Assassination* (Doubt Books) is an important book. Written by Ralph E. Lipp, one of the players who worked on the assassination of the first three books is points out that the peace of the world depends on a complete nuclear disarmament. There can be no peace in a nuclear war. Even the rule that might end up with some survivors will find that they are left in a completely unsatisfactory world. Unfortunately, this situation exists, and so we can make a stopper by preventing it from. This book should be read





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### Party Records for Adults



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PHILIP T. KEO, MAY 1996

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**Abstract**



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The Gyroscopic action on stabilizers keeps you riding the bumps. It's like the best anti-bump device ever. It keeps your car steady, so you don't wear out your tires so fast. It's a real tip from a top.



## Free Chief Billy Gyro-Scopes Stabilizers Perform "Miracles"

In a dramatic demonstration, Chief Billy Gyro-Scopes Stabilizers performed "miracles" on a bumpy road. The car stayed steady and the tires lasted longer. It's a real tip from a top.

## HIGHWAY PATROL Says OKAY!

Highway Patrol officers have tested Gyroscopic Stabilizers and found them to be safe and effective. They are a real tip from a top.



**Only \$19.95**  
2 Units \$39.90  
A Real Tip From A Top

NAME  ADDRESS

CITY  STATE  ZIP

SEND NO MONEY! (We'll bill you later.)

ACT NOW — \$19.95 PER UNIT

QUANTITY  TOTAL \$

SEND NO MONEY! (We'll bill you later.)

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SEND NO MONEY! (We'll bill you later.)

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SEND NO MONEY! (We'll bill you later.)

**SEND NO MONEY!**  
We'll bill you later. (We'll bill you later.)

**ACT NOW — \$19.95 PER UNIT**  
QUANTITY  TOTAL \$

**9.95**

100-100-100-100-100



## How to tell the Do's from the Dont's

BY CLARK KENNEDY

*Life, as the maddest ones say, is short. Much too short, in fact, to waste precious time in pure guesswork when it comes to telling a Do from a Don't.*

*You go to a dance. There are dozens of unattached females around. The problem before the house is—*which one wants to be picked up, which one doesn't?* If you play it by ear, you may wind up with the girl with the prettiest ears in the joint, and get nowhere. And you've wasted a complete evening—one of only 365 evenings in the year, and one of only*

*(continued on page 14)*



